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The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXII MARCH 1961 No. 3

THE MESSAGE OF ALL TIME

[WE reprint the following editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, May 1932.—ED.]

THE SCIENTIST is more than any science, as the man of devotion is superior to any religion, and the philosopher more profound than any depths of thought. After the writer has uttered his appeal, after the reader has conned the printed folio, then each returns upon himself, like a spectator devoid of a spectacle, for the Soul of man is the end as it is the beginning of all effort and of all wisdom. The seed of spiritual awakening lies in the recognition that the least of men equally with the greatest holds in himself the mystery of all time; that the Soul is the Perceiver, and never can he see but image or shadow of Self in any vision or in any field of perception.

But the Soul called man is creator as well as seer, and never shall he be other than housed or prisoned in his own creations. To imagine otherwise is to deny one's own inherent divinity, to be ignorant of one's own creative power; is to spin a cocoon of self-immurement whose only escape is death and rebirth, instead of the conscious weaving of the vesture of immortality.

From the plane of the self-illumined Soul our science, our religion and our philosophy alike are but mirages, the phantasmagoria of human consciousness, whose only value is negative—to enforce the lesson that beyond all creation is the creator, beyond things seen and things done is the Seer. From any other perspective than that of the enduring Self man is engulfed in the blindness which does not see that neither in the unit nor in the assembly is any citadel of thought impregnable to assault from without, or permanently tenable to the inhabiting Genius. For the seeing man in the dark is as blind as the sightless man in the light. At home within one's Self who can fail to glimpse, to grasp, to realize there is

Something behind all science which must for ever elude all analysis — the Indiscrete within and without all discrete objects? There is Something to which the prayer of the faithful does not reach; Something that our philosophy can neither explain nor adjust — something Infinite, to which our enclosures are non-existent. The sleeping Soul, the dreaming Soul, the waking Soul — one and the same Soul, but what a distinction of states, what a difference of realization.

It is this highway of Soul which is the Aryan Path, the *noble* path. It is travelled by all the Sages no less than by ourselves, but they travel it in full consciousness, albeit side by side with the dreamers and the sleepers. These latter the Sages no more disturb than the brooding mother the cradled babe, asleep, not in matter, but nestled within the two arms of love and knowledge. Who can doubt that love without knowledge is better than much learning without love? Mother-love has something of both. Without it, none of us had been born, none could survive. Even so, without the compassionate wisdom of the Sages, none could be "born again," or survive in the world of Souls.

To the somnambulist Souls, called human beings, there come in their retired moments soundless echoes which blend with the breath of their own inmost longings. This is the Voice of the Silence, of Self communing with self, which the books call meditation. That voice speaks without distinction of race, creed, sex, party, or condition, and so can be heard only when the tumult and the shouting die in head and heart alike. Not till then can the human eye see, can the human ear hear, can the human mind learn, can the human heart feel, the spiritual influx of the Divine life within the carapace of selfhood. That influx is the seminal principle in all that lives — in the shine of the sun, in the air we breathe, in all the motions and emotions of the three worlds. Incarnation and reincarnation are the descent and the redescent of Souls from the formless unity of the all-pervading Spirit to the plains of space and time and action. The Sages make the journey consciously for the sake of all Souls; man, alas, makes the same journey as a dreamer voyages, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The Message is the same however the sails are set, and in whatsoever wind that blows across the seven seas or rests amidst our doldrums. It is the same whether voiced by a Krishna, a Buddha, a Shankara or a Christ. Its meaning is the same within the savage heart or on Apollo's lyre, to him who listens as to him who speaks. But by the dreaming Soul, even of the saintliest, it is heard only as the sigh of one's own longing, the pulse within the chamber of one's own heart. It is the message of unity in

the midst of diversity, of brotherhood in the midst of separateness, of the eternal verity within the mortal comprehension.

The Sages can only deal with the dreaming Soul called man as they find him. Why is this? No more than the physical embryo can come through fœtal stages to natural birth in mortal existence if interfered with, can the dreaming Soul come to natural birth into the spiritual life. No miracle of science, religion, or philosophy can turn the tender plant into the Tree of Life. One and all, our human helps are an interference with the own nature of the Soul, which is freedom, consciousness, and such knowledge as these induce. Self-knowledge is to be gained by preter-human means: "Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child," and the highest human ideals are but dreams of brotherhood which, however they nourish the dreamer, come in fact from beyond the horizon of human self-interest.

To glimpse this is in fact to stir in one's sleep, is to see if but for an instant that Soul-knowledge is a transmission and not an acquisition—a transmission from the world divine to the human world. To see this is to assimilate something of the *being* of the Sages, as well as to realize the nature of the limitations necessarily imposed upon them when they descend from the sphere of their knowledge to our "sphere of expectations." If they would not violate the law of their own nature and of ours, the law of the Soul's *birth*-right, they must perforce "become in all things like one of us" —respect our dream properties and proprieties.

So never does the Sage seek to overwhelm our understanding however limited. He addresses us ever and always within the terms of our own devising; speaks to us of the dimensionless Soul within the formative limits of our senses, our sensations, our desires and aspirations. When he would have us kindle the sacred fire of the real Presence, he points out to us that no imaginable study of fuel will acquaint us with the nature of physical fire. His words are but a painted lamp to us until we catch the fire of his inspiration. So, when the Sages speak to us of the Real, the dreamer of the noblest dreams sees at best but an image to be worshipped from afar off. So, we gauge the deathless, timeless, birthless Soul, by bodily wands and plummets. All the utterances of the *Achyuta,* the unfailing, are addressed to the *Chyuta.* We hear the words but, fallen Souls that we are, we think of our Estate and of theirs, and so do not hear the language of the Soul, but only that of the mind and emotions.

Yet here and there a dreamer rouses; quick or quickened by the divine impulsion to reach out for the union of all souls, he begins to question the reality of his own perceptions and conceptions, rather than those of other

men. These few are the "strivers for perfection" to whom the message of all time is in especial directed. They are the ones to be sought out, found, united in the bond of true fraternity, educated to the majesty of the eternal Wisdom-Religion, that they may be added to the chain of transmission called the Theosophical Movement. This chain stretches from the highest Mahatma to the humblest lover of his fellow-men. When this is seen, then the iron chain called Karma by the dreaming Souls turns to the pure gold of selfless action whose fruits feed all the creatures of the three worlds, but whose secret essence, the *prajna* of all experience, "makes of a man a God, creating him a Bodhisattwa, Son of the Dhyanis."

ASLEEP

Asleep, I grow one with night,
Lose identity in infinite arms of silence and starlight;
Spirit has flown,
Yet still remain the tangible clues
To scene familiar,
The blossoming moon peers wonderingly
Where windows let in light.
The subtle change creeps like a cat
With silken stealth
And takes me unawares.

HERBERT BLUEN

MAN IN EAST AND WEST

HIS DIVISION AND HIS UNITY*

[WITH THIS, the third and last part of his long and thoughtful article, **Professor Howard L. Parsons,** Associate Professor in the Department of Philosophy and Religion in Coe College, Iowa, U.S.A., concludes that the "masculine" West and the "feminine" East must combine to produce the new human being who will be a *trimūrti* of masculine, feminine and neuter, a holy trinity pictured as Maitreya in the East and Jesus in the West. This transformation must take place not in the spirit of revolt, for one excess calls forth another, but with a profound sense of reverence for life, in the spirit of *ahiṁsā* tempered by "the demands of history, of the whole life-process, and of nature's economy."—ED.]

III

WE OF THE WEST, though chastened by our own excesses and weary of a compulsive, phrenetic adventure which seems to end only in depressions, wars, and mass death, must not forget our unique gift at the new council of the nations. Our ancestors ate of the tree of knowledge and stole fire from the gods. These we may lay at the feet of the East, and of all mankind, exchanging them for the natural and human wisdom of our Oriental neighbours. As specialists and analysts, dominated by a male orientation, we of the West need the unitary, whole-hearted, intuitive outlook of the East. We need the slow, stable, family-centred, nature-oriented philosophy of Mother India and of the Good Earth of China. It is the eternal feminine that leads us, not upward to that abstract, Faustian, male heaven of restless and rootless activity, but downward to the rich sources of life and fulfilment; and so we are at last led, as wandering males, back to our ancestral home, the maternal East. But there is another side to our human problem. More endomorphic, more conservative, more affined to the beneficent powers of nature, woman in both East and West must put off her rôle of plaything, slave, mere housekeeper and beast of burden and propagator and puppet of soldiers; she must recover her true nature, and do so through her helpmeet and opposite. As she is transformed she will transform him, and the strength of each then becomes the strength of all. Remaining true to their concrete natures, women can become human beings, equals, participators in culture and history. And thereby the males may be saved from the tyranny of their urbanized, scientific patriarchy, as the

*The research for this article has been supported in part by aid from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research.

women are restored to a liberty even greater than what they enjoyed under ancient matriarchy, there being now wider opportunities for fulfilment. In like manner the East will teach the humanistic West how to be more humane, while the West makes available to the Eastern naturalists a useful knowledge of their fountainhead. So those most different from us open our eyes to ourselves, and through our opposites we come to realize our natures.

Confirmation for many of these generalizations can be found in a book by Charles Morris, *Varieties of Human Value.*[20] This is an empirical study and statistical analysis of the actual preferences of contemporary college and university students in various parts of the West and East, with special reference to India, China and the United States. While it is true, as pointed out by Morris in correspondence with the writer, that the present paper is grounded in the "wisdom" literature of the past whereas his work measures the value of youth today, still the present reflects the past and partially repeats its deeply laid and slowly changing patterns. Some of Morris's conclusions, which lend credence to the contrasts set forth in this paper, are as follows. The West is more self-centred, the East more society-centred. India ranks considerably higher than the United States in the factor of self-control and social restraint, and China ranks higher than both in receptivity and sympathetic concern. The East is more tolerant of cultural diversity, the West of individual or psychological diversity. In India the constitutional opposition between mesomorphy (roughly, muscularity and skeletal strength) and ectomorphy (fragility and linearity) is not so extreme as in the U.S. And in China mesomorphy is associated with an active and energetic way of living which includes receptivity and sympathetic concern. As for women, they show a higher score than do men on the factor of receptivity and sympathetic concern and a lower score on the factor of enjoyment and progress in action.

Man is now estranged from woman, as West from East; and this estrangement is the result of the male, urban, technological differentiation in the West, and the female, agrarian feudalism of the East. The male must come home again, acquiring some of the concreteness and life-nurturing interests and skills traditionally centred around women and the home—the care and education of children, the relaxation of game and play, the tending of gardens, the warmth of close primary relations. The female must move out of the home, liberated from "the idiocy of rural life" or the more subtle narcotizing of urban diversions—freed from be-

[20] (University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1956.)

ing a parasite under patriarchal "monogamy," taking her place alongside man in industry, business, administration, politics. Men must lose their narrow, severe, compulsive, hard, impersonal ways, their mechanical science and their myopic grubbing in the mills of Mammon. Women must lose some of their diffuse, easygoing, sentimental, soft attachments—their idolatrous commitment to their little household gods and ritualized vanities. Men must learn some of the receptivity and periodicity native to women and heretofore accented in many Eastern cultures, while women in turn can usefully take on some of the potency and spontaneity of their partners.[21]

The new human being will thus unite opposites in creative synthesis. He will be complete because for ever unfinished, the orchestral development of many tendencies. His temperament will be a tempering of arctic and tropical extremes and the childlike fusion of male and female elements—a being eternally young but as old as nature's streams and hills, avoiding the excessive differentiations of a rigid and specialized adulthood. The new person will be a father-mother god, a *trimūrti* of masculine, feminine, and neuter, a holy trinity, a creature whose full stature is adumbrated in those representations of Maitreya in India, China and Japan, and in many of the Western portraits of Jesus: a being both masculine and feminine in character, universal but concrete and particularized.

And how is this new Jerusalem to be ushered in? That chapter is yet to be written in the plays and works of men and women. As the aim and solution of man's problem is complex, and as God, according to wisdom both East and West, incarnates and fulfils himself in many ways, so the pathways and procedures must be plural and flexible. Men and women must undertake to effect physical, biological, economic, artistic, philosophical, and religious transformations in their whole mode of living if human beings are to become that kind of creative being which they are fitted to be. To achieve this fulfilment, men cannot ignore their social, natural and cosmic setting with impunity. Society, history, and nature are holy to us in so far (and that is very far indeed) as they support and advance us. We are what we are, we become what we might, and our goodness endures, so far as what we do accords with the great economy of nature. C. H. Waddington, the British geneticist, has pointed out how nuclear explosions, disturbing the numerous bacteria and viruses necessary to nature's web of life, and evolved over some billion or more years into

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[21] MARGARET MEAD: *Male and Female* (William Murrow and Co., New York, 1949), Ch. X.

their hard-won and needed niches, might profoundly alter the beneficent balance of nature and hence the evolved stability of man. If as Santayana said piety is man's "reverent attachment to the source of his being and the steadying of his life by that attachment,"[22] then what is required of the man who wishes to be true to his being is that he be true to that Being which is his source and stay. What is required is not only justice, love, mercy, humility, and peace among his fellow human beings, but also a "reverence for life" and for the creative and sustaining Power that lies below life and leads life on beyond itself—what Nietzsche called the power of self-surpassing.

The intuition into man's unity with nature, his dependence on her, and his required co-operation with her, is a primitive one. The naïve man, ancient or modern, thrown back on his elemental resources as he strives to come into commerce with things and forces and to relieve his imperious impulses—such a man, unspoiled by an urban life that isolates him in awareness from the vast motions and orders of nature, can see how his welfare is implicated with the welfare of living and non-living things. Such is the intuition of animism, man's oldest and deepest religion. Describing the religion of the American Indians, John Collier has said:—

> The primitive group required of its members intensity, plunged each of them into much of the whole of the social heritage, applied itself to the personality development of every man, and in immemorial ritual transfigured each of its individuals into a partnership with the forces of the universe.[23]

The direction of human nature was thus implicated with the direction of plant and animal life and of inanimate things. Men felt a kinship with the gods: "We shall be one person," said the Pueblos when they prayed. The security that man feels in this kind of relation is difficult to convey to the individualistic "self-made man" of the Western world. The theme of Western civilization is man's ceaseless quest for a garden from which he has been expelled, for a home from which he has been cast out, for a land from which he has been exiled. It is not unnatural that he should in his wandering return to the East; that is where he started, and that has not lost its intuition of wholeness.

Individualism preys on itself; it is self-defeating. In the West individualism has produced the intensest forms of class struggle and war, crime, delinquency, neurosis, psychosis, monopoly and dictatorship. It is a kind

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[22] *The Life of Reason* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1905), Book III, p. 258.

[23] *Indians of the Americas: The Long Hope* (New American Library of World Literature, Inc., New York. 1947), p. 21.

of wild, cancerous growth that issues only in death, for it has not even the good sense, like most bacteria, to preserve its host or the other conditions of itself. But the Eastern cultures, for all their recent turmoils, have a kind of stability and serenity. Why is that? Kluckhohn, the anthropologist, has written that a culture

> where the child's attachments are spread among many relatives and where dependence is focused upon the group as a whole rather than upon particular individuals, is peculiarly resistant to leaders of the Hitler type.[24]

It is a special Western culture that has called forth the concept of "authoritarianism." This is an effort on the part of a rational segment of the community to combat the arbitrary and pathic authority of an individual or institution. The tendency of Western rationalists is to throw out authority entirely, and not to make Erich Fromm's distinction between rational and irrational authority.[25] One excess has called forth another; and both are individualistic, the one opportunistic, the other sectarian. Eastern philosophy, rooted in the "great family" and in a tradition-directed culture, has paid the utmost respect to the authority of the past and of common sense and science, without always becoming enslaved by it. "Authority," say two scholars of Indian philosophy, "forms the basis of philosophy"; and reasoning follows the lead either of ordinary experience or authority or both.[26] This gives a stability to analysis and speculation which is impossible to a philosophy whose context is social fragmentation and rampant individualism.

We have already observed how Chinese culture and thought developed from the root metaphor of man's harmony with his fellow man and with the land. Similarly, classical Indian philosophy is rooted in the doctrine of *ahiṁsā*. An adequate world-view must surely incorporate something akin to this deep natural piety; for man cannot become himself unless his environment is properly secured. And he cannot violate that environment as he pleases; he has grown up out of it and with it; it is fit for him and responsive to his purposes—within the limits *it* sets. Man may for a time deplete or erode the soil, denude the forests, pollute the streams, kill the wild life, make numerous species extinct, spread atomic radiation, and even poison his own food with insecticides and additives. But what he sows he will at last reap; his *karma* will have its consequences. To live, and live

[24] *Mirror for Man* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York. 1949), p. 217.

[25] *Man for Himself* (Rinehart and Co., Inc., New York. 1947), pp. 8-12.

[26] SATISCHANDRA CHATTERJEE and DHIRENDRAMOHAN DATTA: *An Introduction to Indian Philosophy* (University of Calcutta, Calcutta. 1950), p. 8. Fourth Edition.

creatively, therefore, man must deepen his sense of the holiness of nature. This is what Western man can learn from the East.

At the same time, this dim and diffuse sense of identity with nature and her living creatures must be informed and directed. *Ahiṁsā* must be retained as a basic attitude, but must be qualified by the demands of history, of the whole life-process, and of nature's economy. Of the three phyla or basic types of animals living on the planet today which constitute the great bulk of the million extant species, man's main enemies are to be found, not among the Mollusca, which are aquatic, nor among his own phylum, the Chordata, but among the Arthropoda and, in particular, a few groups of insects which destroy man's food supply and spread disease. The proper control or elimination of these pests would not alter the beneficent balance of nature and would remove untold human suffering. The Jaina and Hindu practice of *ahiṁsā* was aimed at respect for life and the equality of souls; but destruction or incapacitation of the Anopheles mosquito, malarial parasites, the lice transmitting typhus, flies transmitting sleeping sickness, the dysentery amœba, etc., would have prevented a few single-celled (or small) units of life from destroying millions of organisms themselves having each a hundred million million cells. From the point of view of sheer increase or abundance of life-energy—"the most nearly universal phenomenon of evolution," according to George Gaylord Simpson—such a decision can be justified. "A balance" of the other criteria advanced for progress in evolution "warrants the conclusion that man is, on the whole but not in every single respect, the pinnacle so far of evolutionary progress."[27] While *ahiṁsā* incorporates the truth that every unit of living substance (whether called "soul" or "matter") has the right to life and fulfilment unfettered, the doctrine contains an inherent contradiction, for it makes no distinction between the variations in intrinsic and extrinsic worth of living things. The absolute idealism of Hinduism seems to be a better defence of an unqualified *ahiṁsā* than is Jainism; for since, under classical Vedanta, there exist no distinctions in reality, we ought not to invent discriminations in our ethical choices: the ultimate demand is the demand of the World-Soul for being (and becoming?) throughout the length and breadth of its endless run of appearances on the world's stages.

HOWARD L. PARSONS

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[27] *The Meaning of Evolution* (Yale University Press, New Haven. 1950), p. 262.

HISTORY AND SOCIAL THOUGHT

[**Mr. E. W. Martin,** who has appeared last year in our pages, is a historian and sociologist, and the author of several books and a contributor to many of the most distinguished British journals.

In this thoughtful essay he argues persuasively that, while the exact research of the specialist historian has value in fact-finding and providing discipline, historical knowledge must be interpreted "in terms of total human experience" before it can offer sound guidance to contemporary social thought. This is profoundly true, and in harmony with that philosophical point of view which understands *all* modes of objective existence as synthesized by their being objects of the experience, at various levels, of a human soul.—ED.]

STUDENTS OF HISTORY AND SOCIETY know that the past is always a potent factor in shaping the events of the present and the future. Some thinkers try to arrive at a knowledge of the past by specializing in one branch of knowledge, such as economic, military, international or industrial history, but when these specialists attempt to interpret events on the basis of their facts, the views expressed are seen to be partial and very limited versions of the whole truth.

Thinking about society demands historical knowledge and information on the way in which human personalities react to institutions and communities. An American sociologist has said:—

> Social science deals with problems of biography, of history, and of their intersections within social structures. That these three—biography, history, society—are the co-ordinate points of the proper study of man has been a major platform on which I have stood when criticizing several current schools of sociology whose practitioners have abandoned this classic tradition.[1]

I have stood on an identical platform in Britain. In books and lectures I have stressed the need for a much closer contact between history and social studies. Most historians recognize this as inescapable, and the work of prominent thinkers such as Professors Tawney, Asa Briggs and Richard Titmuss shows that this is being accepted as a fundamental necessity.

An American scholar, John U. Nef, Professor of Economic History and Chairman of the Committee on Social Thought in the University of Chicago, has described his own evolution as a student of industry and civilization. I believe his experience is especially illuminating, because it brings out in a definite way one of the major problems of historiography and sociology.

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[1] C. MILLS WRIGHT: *The Sociological Imagination* (1959).

Professor Nef states that, when he began his researches about forty years ago, he was occupied with the origins of industrial civilization. He studied economic history as a specialist; and his attention was at first restricted to the origins of the British coal industry. At first he was under the spell of statistics. Like less gifted thinkers he acquiesced in the idea that statistics and categories encompassed almost the whole of wisdom. Daily he visited the Public Record Office in London, patiently recording facts about coal from the sixteenth century. As time went on he began to doubt the value of a specialist approach. He came to see that what mattered more than economic facts were the ideas in men's minds. These minds were the sources of those innovations between 1570 and 1660 which constitute the neglected roots of the "single economic and political universe that confronts man in the second half of the twentieth century."

The whole subject of industrial origins had to be looked at in terms of total human experience if a true understanding of world history was to result.

> I found pressing down upon me [he writes] the conviction that the problem of the origin of industrial civilization is actually an aspect of the problem of its present condition and its future. I became more and more convinced that its future depends on us—on human beings with free will. That we could make industrialism into something enduring for the souls of men only as a result of a free search for truth in every line of inquiry, philosophical and theological and artistic, as well as historical.[2]

The future of history, of knowledge and of civilization, he saw as part of an indissoluble pattern; and he also noted that the genuine need for specialized knowledge made that wider quest extremely difficult. Economic historians who accumulate new facts about one aspect of industrial or business life may well have a task sufficient for the energy of a lifetime. Yet many of them do feel that these facts have to be fitted into a broader context.

Professor Nef believes that the "triumph of industrialism has raised in an acute form the problem of the survival of the human spirit in the temporal world." Clearly, social thought can only follow in the wake of patient historical research; and if this does not happen it could be possible for society to accept views which are based almost entirely on industrial and commercial concepts.

I have recently been studying the history of democracy in Britain. Such democratic study now has a world-wide importance if the ideas of liberty

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[2] *Cultural Foundations of Industrial Civilization* (1958).

and welfare are to be fairly represented in a divided civilization. Superficially, the study of democracy would seem to be almost entirely a matter of politics. How did citizens acquire their right to vote and what use was made of this in the later decades of the nineteenth century? Or what kind of democracy was it that made an appeal to the middle classes and yet failed to impress the organized workers? When social thought is combined with historical study, the whole picture widens. It becomes clear that democracy is much more than a political question. It has to do also with the social, cultural and spiritual lives of people who are striving for an economic and moral equality.

My own researches convince me that the bias in favour of economics and statistics has a definite value in itself. It forces the inquirer to be practical and rational. It teaches the need for care in research, for exact interpretation of material. But when a major issue, like that of democracy, is studied, then the historian is bound to turn his mind to the problems of people who are persons as well as economic and social beings.

Professor R. G. Collingwood once said that "all history is the history of thought":—

> In the kind of history I am thinking of, the kind I have been practising all my life, historical problems arise out of practical problems. We study history in order to see more clearly into the situation in which we are called upon to act.[3]

Professor Collingwood wrote a kind of philosophical history quite as valuable in itself as economic history or social science. He did not believe that historians of any worth should rely entirely on what authorities said about a particular subject. He wanted to encourage the urge for original research in speculative minds.

All this bears very obviously on contemporary cultural problems. The dilemma of mankind is mainly cultural. That is to say, no problem confronting democratic societies in Britain, America, India or France can be divorced from the main desire of enlightened democrats to extend their ideas in such ways that they become acceptable to all rational people. This rationality does not preclude a concern with all aspects of spiritual life. Indeed, the reverse is true.

If we look for a moment at the purpose of social thought in its historical setting, it is possible to see that it does attempt to meet the real issues of the twentieth century. What modern man requires is not only personal faith and skill but a sense of public responsibility. His loyalties are tested

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[3] *An Autobiography* (1943).

in many ways. He may be engaged in some form of public work, may be a business executive, a teacher or a scientist; and it will not be easy for him to see in detail the problems of civilization. He will see his own special problems outlined against a vast and confused background. He will know that technical civilization has given the world a means to unity but that this unity is menaced by all kinds of political dissension.

How then can this average citizen in any country come to grapple with his personal problems in a democratic way unless he is assisted by scholars and historians who try to see the main historical currents and interpret them socially? The errors of our era are not mainly related to any form of historical specialization. They are, in fact, part of the great internal conflict which exists between the individual and the external universe of politics and economics which must seem at times menacing. The effect of industrial civilization has been to thrust the thoughts of people too often toward things like science and economics without allowing room for a spiritual interpretation of these events.

Materialism is now a dominant gospel in many countries, as was individualism in the nineteenth century. Many thinkers in the past believed that democracy would come up against great problems. These problems have emerged in fashions not forecast by Karl Marx, or by Carlyle or Nietzsche. They have become a challenge to those whose task it is to interpret events. Any analysis of these problems makes it necessary for historians and social students in any country to study the history of individuals and institutions.

The problems of family life and of institutional life can be seen either in terms of individual desire or communal need. But no matter from which side they are approached, it is evident that democracy depends on the capacity of individuals to act in an enlightened way. The practical job of politicians would appear to be to create enlightened democracies. Yet it is not the business of the politician to think deeply about personal and public issues. Generally he has neither the time nor the capacity to do so. The cultural duties of intellectuals in democratic countries become more onerous if only because the days of political inaction are ended.

Social thought may be connected with history or with other disciplines. In the end it becomes a means by which historical knowledge is brought to bear on the solution of issues that are so urgent and difficult as to be accepted as the major themes of cultural workmen in any country. The fact that communication between all countries of the world is now so rapid makes it simple for ideas to play a part in the forming of policies. One country has to be aware of the persuasive voices in other countries. Free-

dom may be denied, even in democratic societies, to artists or scientists who might seem to endanger peace and order by their pronouncements.

International unity is probably dependent on adequate cultural understanding. This process of human co-operation in the building of a world civilization is only in its beginnings. It holds out great hopes for the future. In addition there is the obvious warning that, without a continuous collaboration between scientists, artists, historians and sociologists of all countries, it will not be possible for problems to be formulated or clearly understood. Never before in history has there been such a need for an active science of history and society.

Social thought based on the closest kind of historical scrutiny must be accepted as an adjunct to any political action. The ideas which Western man has absorbed about liberty and cultural and economic opportunity will not rise to their highest level unless presented in terms of the values that seem to matter most in life. We learn from history what these cardinal values are; and it is the duty of all intellectuals to pursue as honestly as possible a policy which will lead to a recognition of the fact that the cultural problems of mankind are those that will contribute most effectively and immediately to his contemporary utility.

E. W. Martin

The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.

—Montesquieu

ALBERT CAMUS

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE

[**Shri Mahendra Kulasrestha** writes of Albert Camus and his works, tracing the pessimism common in present-day literature, and, more particularly Camus's philosophy of the absurd, to their historical causes.—ED.]

ALBERT CAMUS is generally known as the "Philosopher of the Absurd." When he died in a car accident in January 1960 at the comparatively early age of forty-six, it seemed as if nature herself testified to the truth of his philosophy.

Camus lived in companionship with death all his life. He was born in utter poverty and his father died when he was barely one year old. To educate himself he worked as a broker, sold motor parts, acted as a clerk in the Police Department and became a meteorologist for some time. He managed to get his Master's degree in Philosophy from the Algiers University. At the same time he earned a name in football and amateur theatricals. One of his plays was proscribed by the Algerian Government and he was exiled from the country.

In this period he travelled through Italy and Austria and worked on several newspapers. In 1940 he reached Paris. In the meantime the Second World War had started and France was under German occupation. The patriotic element of the country organized a Resistance Movement, which Camus joined very soon. He became Editor of its organ, *Combat*, to which writers like Malraux, Sartre, Barnenos, Raymond Aron and François Bondy contributed.

After the Great War, the Movement fizzled out and in 1947 Camus abandoned politics altogether and joined the ranks of professional writers. It was an important decision because it was in these years that he produced his best works.

What is the philosophy of the absurd? Man, in the universe, seeks to discover some meaning, some purpose behind his existence, some sense in events and actions. Supposing there is none and has never been any, can we, he asks, try to create at least a little meaning to live by? Sartre wrote in his *La Nausée*:—

> I am nothing, I have nothing. As inseparable from the world as light and yet exiled like light, gliding over the surface of stones and water, with nothing whatsoever hanging on or ballasting me. Outside, outside, out of the world, out of the past, out of myself.

Stendhal had written even before him :—

> Our existence is like a prison enclosed and honeycombed with high walls where the individual is a stranger, torn between reason and experience, a conflict which leads ultimately and inevitably to his fiasco.

This sense of absurdity becomes more terrible and cruel when the individual knows it fully, finds no escape and is compelled to live within its stifling confines. According to Camus, this is the chief spiritual crisis of the age, especially for men who feel and understand and whose number is growing day by day. When, in 1957, he was awarded the Nobel Prize, he said:—

> I am born in a corrupt society in which are mingled revolutions that have failed, techniques gone mad, dead gods and outworn ideologies, in which second-rate powers are capable of destroying everything but can no longer convince us, in which intelligence has sunk so low as to serve the cause of hatred and oppressions.

On another occasion, he said: "I fully belong to the age in which I live, I cannot judge it in a detached manner, I can only judge it by becoming one with it."

It may be asked at this point why we take such a pessimistic view of life and society. We have to go back into history for a satisfactory answer. The age in which we live can be said to have started with the Renaissance in Europe. The Renaissance tended to establish the individual at the centre of this cosmic phenomenon. From this time onwards, man became, as it were, master of his destiny. He gathered so much knowledge and power in his hands that he could now develop his circumstances according to his desires and by his own efforts. This gave him a great fillip and he idealistically began dreaming of the day when he would live in perfect unison with society and the universe at large. He came to believe in his unique place in creation because he felt that he alone was free to adopt his course and that he could create numerous amazing things to supplement his day-to-day life. From this viewpoint, his power grew in proportion to his knowledge. Therefore, there appeared to be no contradiction between individual freedom and universal phenomenon. It seemed that they were supplementary to each other, nay, one was the axiomatic resultant of the other. Descartes put forward his celebrated philosophy of "self" and Grotius triumphantly declared that reason was not only the essence but also the proof of human element and this was the basis of all human rights, laws, values, systems, etc.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries witnessed a great surge in these humanistic ideals. In their wake followed the nineteenth century

lighted by the shining sun of science. The industrial revolution changed every aspect of material life in such a manner that traditionally entrenched values came to be deeply affected and civilizations experienced a tremendous upheaval. The revolution tried to set up man in place of God, science in place of religion and reason in place of faith. It tried to create an international society living in harmony with not only its own constituents but nature and the Universe also and to harness the power of science to its utmost.

But a diametrically opposite process of human enslavement — the results of which are becoming apparent in the present century only — had started with the progress of these ideals and achievements. Science did greatly expand the frontiers of human knowledge and increase the comforts of life, but it also tended to make man dependent on its various inventions. It destroyed the rich variety of life, and encouraged conformity in all spheres. It organized, centralized and standardized everything, which resulted in the creation of masses in place of the individual. Camus describes the life of the masses thus:—

> Waking, tram, four hours of work, meal, tram, four hours of work, meal, sleep and monday, tuesday, wednesday, thursday, friday and saturday, in the same tune ... only that one day the "why" appears.

All this was quite in opposition to the original intentions of the people who helped create it. And there was no way out of the whole mess. We had reached a stage when the destiny of the whole human society lay in the hands of a few whimsical persons who happened to have acquired possession of various bombs and missiles. Man had become slave to his own creation. He could do nothing but watch the unfoldment of the tragedy with resignation and a sense of futility.

It is not a matter for surprise then that such a highly fermented age blew up a few great artists and thinkers to bear testimony to its suffering and to look for a way out if possible. The line is long from Kierkegaard, Dostoievsky, Marx, Bergson, Nietzsche and Valéry to Stendhal, Baudelaire, A. Gide, Mallarmé and Flaubert to Kafka, Unamuno, Eliot, O'Neill, Claudel, Mauriac, Huxley, Sartre, Ionesco, Malraux and Jean Genet in more recent times. All these have attempted to diagnose the illness of their times and to prescribe remedies according to their understanding. A few like Gide, Valéry, Bergson, Claudel and Mauriac wanted to refashion Christianity, others like Marx and Engels reinterpreted human history to liberate the masses and still others like Sartre and Malraux, with whom Camus may also be counted to some extent, expressed the absolute purposelessness of human existence in this world.

Camus's philosophy differed fundamentally from that of his contemporaries. While accepting the utter pessimism of Sartre's Existentialism, even expressing it in a deeper and profounder manner, he did not let himself drown in the perverse relish of nothingness. Nor did he seek shelter in the comfortable precincts of this or that faith. He went ahead in his superhuman fight against the darkness of despair and tried to discover a ray of hope by which one may live, by which one may suppress the tempting thoughts of death.

A special feature of Camus's thought is his heroic acceptance of the absurd in human life *vis-à-vis* the universal phenomenon. It is best expressed in his famous letters to a German friend in which he says: "I still think that this world has no higher meaning. But I am also sure that something in it has meaning."

This is the most significant thing in which Camus distinctly differs from Sartre and his school. He acknowledges this difference himself in *L'Homme Révolté* (The Man of Revolt). He accepts the existence of a certain human essence in man which makes him unique as compared to the rest of the world. This is the sacred element which unites man with man and also distinguishes him from all other things in nature which are opposed to his survival and well-being. The Stoics of old also believed in this theory but they accepted man as an inseparable constituent of nature. According to Camus, nature is inimical to human life and interests, values and ideals. Physics reveals every day how the various processes of nature are conspiring against human existence and survival; astronomy indicates that the universe is so vast that man cannot be more than negligible; genetics is proving that it is impossible for the individual to break through the iron-chains of heredity and so on. Even the highly optimistic philosophy of Evolution sinks into insignificance in such a cosmic context which is gradually gaining in support from all branches of modern science.

This utter disorder, confusion and frustration, which is made worse by the present-day historical and social situation, leaves the individual in a desert of unbearable heat and it is no wonder that he is tempted to suicide. His continued existence in spite of these odds is due to this sustaining human essence. This enables him to look for the golden future which he struggles to obtain and preserve against the corrupting pressures of nature and society. This gives him the courage to reject outworn values and adopt new ones. Again, the same human essence becomes the ultimate criterion of value: whatever leads to happiness, health, beauty, etc., is good and whatever leads to suffering, death and ugliness is bad.

As against this, Sartre does not believe in the existence of anything like

human nature; he accepts nothing more than a "universal human condition." Camus believes in the existence of "human justice" in the face of "eternal injustice," in human solidarity against man's tragic destiny.

> Since there is no God but a tremendous lot of suffering in this world, it becomes our primary duty as humans to eliminate whatever little suffering that we possibly can from the lives of our fellow-beings and try to impart whatever little happiness that lies in our power.

This statement sums up Camus's entire philosophy.

It was at this particular juncture in the progress of his thought that Camus was snatched away from us. He had a realization of this when he wrote in 1958, "After twenty years of work, I still believe that I have not yet begun my work." Had he lived through the average span of human life he might have found his philosophy and presented it to humanity after affirming and developing it thoroughly.

The evolution of Camus's thought is clearly evident in his writings, which may be divided into two broad parts: his novels, short stories and plays; his essays and letters. In the first kind he describes and analyzes various aspects of life under different circumstances in terms of absurdity and in the second he discusses their philosophical aspect and attempts to formulate a way out. And this seems the most natural course. But those who read his novels and plays only are liable to misunderstand him, to see only his philosophy of the absurd, without seeing his attempts to find a solution. Perhaps this is why he is known as the "Philosopher of the Absurd" instead of "Philosopher of the Human Essence" which would be more appropriate.

L'Étranger (The Stranger) which appeared in 1942, is his first important novel. Before this he had written two books on travel, which propound his philosophy though in a rather feeble manner. Mersault, the hero of *L'Étranger*, lived a life which has no meaning or purpose. He is the "outsider," unscrupulous, dead to all subtle feelings. He commits murder. Awaiting execution, he has time for introspection in the quiet of his cell. He now sees himself as he is, discovers his sacred human essence which inspires him to reject the false hope of salvation. Now, devoid of even this last refuge of the condemned, he is at last able to face the tragic awareness of life's absurdity.

Camus's second book *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* (The Myth of Sisyphus) is a philosophical essay. Camus has used the ancient myth of Sisyphus, king of Corinth, condemned endlessly to roll up a rock to the top of a mountain to have it fall back upon him, to express his despair in the fate of man. Man must go on in his efforts, unmindful of their futility, and try to put

his impress upon an unresponsive world. But this advance knowledge of failure rewards him with a sort of spirituality, which is unique, and constitutes his victory.

In his later writings, *La Chute* (The Fall), *La Peste* (The Plague), *L'Homme Révolté* (The Man of Revolt), etc., Camus develops his philosophy of absurdity, viewing human conditions from various angles. Clamence, the hero of *La Chute*, is a successful lawyer, entirely satisfied with his life. A mysterious laughter awakens him one night and he unaccountably begins to review his affairs. He maintains that this is his first fall, which, according to Camus, is his first step towards the realization of his human essence. He concludes that there is is no escape and, therefore, he seeks refuge in hypocrisy. This is his real fall.

L'Homme Révolté is directed against Communism "which degrades men into things, entombs knowledge in ideology and transforms our tragic pursuit of freedom to a cheerful resignation to slavery."

In 1944, Camus published some letters under the title *Lettres à un Ami Allemand*, addressed to an imaginary German friend in which he propounded that German totalitarianism and French passivity had one source. He said that moral nihilism was the reason for these diametrically opposed attitudes and we ought to establish human justice in its place.

He published *Actuelles* (The Actual Things), *Réflexions sur la Guillotine* (Reflections over the Execution), *L'Exil et le Royaume* (The Exile and the Kingdom), *L'État de Siège* (The State of Siege), *Les Justes* (The Just), etc., in later years and these are the books in which the positive side of his thought is expressed with clarity and precision. In these he discusses his philosophy of human essence which is his contribution to human thought.

Camus has established the absence of purpose in life but he has also tried to indicate a reason for living—to fight against evil, uphold justice and affirm humanity's need for humanity.

> We have to patch together what has been torn asunder to make justice conceivable in an obviously unjust world, to make happiness meaningful for people who have been poisoned by the unhappiness of the age. Of course this is a superhuman effort. But what we call a superhuman task is simply one that mankind needs a long time to carry out.

MAHENDRA KULASRESTHA

NIGHTMARE

[WE DEEPLY REGRET to record the passing away on February 10th, 1961, of our esteemed contributor, **Mr. Claude Houghton**, whose fascinating tale we publish in this issue. Mr. Houghton's death deprives the world of letters of a gifted novelist and THE ARYAN PATH of a generous friend whose sympathy and understanding were a source of great encouragement all these many years. To Claude Houghton the world of the Spirit and the inner life were realities. Just before his death we accepted a short article from his pen entitled "Fear," which we shall publish soon.—ED.]

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME recently will seem so fantastic that you will probably pin a label on me, then dismiss the subject entirely. You will decide that I am a case of "multiple personality"—or some such jargon—and leave it at that.

So before I describe the nightmare events which recently overwhelmed me, I am going to ask you a few questions.

Do you really believe that you have *one* self, fixed and unalterable? If so, do you know what a mood really is? (I'm quite sure you have moods.) A mood is a "state" which possesses you intermittently. Fear, for instance. Fear exiles your normal conception of yourself. It obsesses you, dominates you. You find yourself in a shadow-haunted region, ringed by spectres. Anger, resentment, self-pity, desire, all represent other selves. And each has its unique memories, and its unique objective.

I know only one definition of character which has any value. "Character is the most permanent aspect of a man." The *most permanent*. Not the only one.

Now here is something that is imperative for you to know, or you will never understand the nightmare I have to relate. I am super-sensitive to an abnormal degree. And that necessitates being an actor. Of course it does! You can't go through a world like this with naked nerves unless you hide that fact from others. So you have to be an actor, who plays a different rôle with every one of his friends. The personality of each friend determines the rôle you must play.

I have a two-room flat in London. All you need to know about it is that the bedroom is very long and narrow, and that the whole of one wall is covered by an enormous built-in wardrobe. I have a great many clothes. You'd be surprised.

Now—this is important—have you analyzed the influence of clothes? Have you discovered the extent to which they evoke a mood? Let us suppose that you are a man who, only on rare occasions, goes out in full

evening dress. Well, when you are in full evening dress, do you feel exactly the same as if you were in gardening clothes?

Or let us suppose that you go to a fancy-dress ball, dressed as Casanova. Wouldn't you feel rather more sprightly? And do you imagine that a tired business man at a leg show bears much resemblance to the same business man, when he is not tired—working in his office? And, finally, do you think that a most attractive woman in a *décolleté* gown feels precisely the same woman as the one in tweeds, playing golf?

These questions were necessary because my enormous wardrobe contains the appropriate clothes in which to meet *every one* of my friends. An actor must wear clothes that are appropriate to his part. That's obvious.

Every suit in my huge wardrobe has a dual function: to make me feel that I am what I wish to appear, and to create the certainty in my companion that I am what I seem.

Some examples will make this clear.

Hendrick is a business man. Work is his drug. I get orders for him, on commission, from a very large firm—the head of which is a woman. When I meet Hendrick, I know what he expects me to look like, so I dress the part: bowler, striped trousers, rolled umbrella. I am entirely without emotion. I say little. Never any emphasis—always an understatement. Very near the top drawer, but not quite, because Hendrick thinks he's in it.

But I'm very different with Kitty Mayhew, who is hand-picked blonde and extremely feminine. Her ideal is the he-man male. I dress the part. Tweeds—very padded shoulders—brogues. And I smoke a pipe. I'm very curt with her. Tell her off for the least thing. She dare not be late for a date. She looks at me with large pale grey eyes, misty with admiration. I believe in my rôle when I'm with her because she is deceived by it.

But Carmen Fanshawe is a different proposition, a very different proposition! She has Spanish blood—lustrous black hair—and, despite pronounced feminine attractions, her features have a male quality. Everything about her implies self-assurance, an instinctive certainty of power.

When I meet Carmen I dress artistically. No hat. Suede shoes, silk shirt, with an artist's bow. A "casual" suit which just misses being cissy, but not by a lot. I talk about books, art, music, with a dash of the metaphysical.

I'm rather languid with Carmen. And very deferential to her. Deferential, because I'm sure I amuse her, and I'm not certain *why*. But, sometimes, she looks at me as if I'm a patient in a hospital bed and she's wondering just how serious my illness is. Very disturbing!

But, which is far worse, I often feel that she is not deceived by my intellectual artistic rôle. She may even feel that I am ridiculous, so I try to placate by being more deferential, but that may make her contemptuous. I don't want to see her. I've tried not to. But I *have* to—which is maddening.

Those are three examples of the suits in my huge wardrobe. There are many others, of course. And there are "outfits" for secret escapades which need not be particularized.

The dominant fact is that I am wholly dependent on the clothes in that wardrobe. Without them, I am a ghost.

Now it is necessary to tell you one more fact before I can describe everything relating to the nightmare events of last Thursday. That fact is if I have three dates on any given day, I arrange the times of meeting so that, after each, I can return to the flat and change into the clothes appropriate to my next rôle.

Last Thursday morning, after I had had my coffee and rolls, I looked at my diary to see what my appointments were :—

11–30	Hendrick. At his office.
1 o'clock	Lunch with Kitty Mayhew at the *Goya*.
4 o'clock	Carmen. Tea at my flat.

Carmen had never been to the flat before and I certainly did not want her to come. Far from it! But she just announced that she would arrive at four, and stressed that she wanted China tea. So what could I do? I experience all the sensations of a dwarf when I am with her.

Anyhow, it was time for me to get into my "Hendrick" suit and become an efficient business executive.

I went to the wardrobe and opened the two big doors.

All my clothes had vanished!

I rubbed my eyes. Looked again. Vanished! I began to tremble. I do not exist apart from the rôles represented by the clothes. Each "disguise" evokes the appropriate voice, gestures, mannerisms, everything.

And, now, all my clothes had been stolen!

I remembered that, the day before, I came home in the late afternoon, feeling weary, so had a bath to freshen up. And I spent the rest of the day in the living room, wearing only pyjamas and a dressing gown.

Someone must have come into the flat and stolen my clothes. A Yale key opens the front door, so a duplicate would not be difficult to get.

I looked round. Nothing else had been stolen, which was odd because there were some pound notes on the dressing table and a gold cigarette case and cuff links.

Then the shattering idea occurred to me that the thief was someone who knew that my suits were disguises—and that, without them, I was less than a shadow.

But *who* could know this?

Then the hallucinating possibility presented itself that it might be *Carmen*! After all, she had insisted on coming to tea a few hours after my clothes had been stolen. Was that coincidence?

Eventually, I realized that the only thing to do was to cancel my dates with Hendrick, Kitty Mayhew and Carmen. That sounds simple, but, remember, I had a different voice with each of them.

I telephoned Hendrick's office and told his secretary that I was "speaking for Mr. Goatly." (What a ridiculous name! I've always loathed it!) I asked her to tell Mr. Hendrick that Mr. Goatly couldn't come as he had a very bad cold. (Hendrick is terrified of colds.)

Then I telephoned Kitty Mayhew, gave her the message from Mr. Goatly, and that was that.

But—Carmen! I could not risk the Goatly stunt with her. Not with Carmen! She would ask if Mr. Goatly was so ill that he couldn't telephone.

With a trembling hand, I dialled her number.

I said who I was, but she immediately asked: "What on earth's happened to your voice?" I said I had a bad throat, and was on the verge of influenza, and could not possibly see anyone.

"That's nonsense. You're ill, so you need looking after—even more than usual. That is, if you *are* ill. I'll be with you at four. And—don't forget—*China* tea."

Then she hung up.

I should have to be in pyjamas and dressing gown when she arrived! Carmen is a formidable person. Immensely self-confident. And despite her lustrous black hair, and a superlative figure, there is something male about her, which I find very disturbing.

Just before she was due, I locked the bedroom door—put some rugs on the sofa in the living room—and a bottle of quinine on a nearby table. Then I practised a few coughs. The only act I could stage was an invalid one.

A challenging ring at the bell.

In she came—more over-life size than ever. The first thing she did was to take my temperature. "Below normal. But it probably always is." Then she said, "Your voice is really most peculiar. It's like a boy's voice—starting to break."

Then, to my consternation, she demanded to see the bedroom. She

ignored my inane explanation of why the door was locked. Then she exclaimed:

"What an enormous wardrobe! Do you run a dress agency?"

I told her it was less expensive to have a lot of suits.

She opened the doors of the wardrobe. "But there aren't *any* suits!"

I told her all my suits had been stolen yesterday. I explained how that could have happened without my noticing anything. She pointed to the pound notes and gold cigarette case and links on the dressing table, then asked:

"Were those here yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Odd sort of thief, don't you think?" She looked at me intently, then added: "There's something very peculiar about you—and I'm going to find out just what it is. I met that man Hendrick recently. He thinks you're a typical business executive."

She paused, then went on:

"And, last Monday, I met a most attractive fluffy little woman called Kitty Mayhew. I won't tell you what *she* thinks you are, until you're better."

She told me to go back to the living room and she went to the kitchen, eventually emerging with her China tea on a tray, then brought another for me.

"I shall come tomorrow at four. You'll make a *complete* list of the stolen clothes. *All* of them. Are they insured?"

I was so silent that she exclaimed:

"You don't know! You wouldn't!"

She lit a Turkish cigarette, crossed her impeccable legs somewhat generously, then studied me with an expression which I found devastating.

"Tell me something, Eustace."

(Now, I ask you, isn't it bad enough to have Goatly for a second name without having Eustace for the first! Everything, from the day I was born, has collaborated to humiliate me!)

"What I want you to tell me is this: Why do you think someone should want to steal your clothes?"

"I—I don't know."

"Well, why are you so upset? You can get suits, off the peg. They'd do for the time being."

"Yes, of course. That's quite an idea. I'm not upset. I'm ill."

"You're ill because you're upset. And here's another thing: *You* must have had that wardrobe made. Don't tell me it was here when you took

the flat."

"No—it wasn't."

(There are moments when you just can't understand why you don't die! Such a moment now possessed me.)

She rose, then wandered round the room, looking at the book-cases which cover most of the walls. An activity I did not welcome. A library tells you much about its owner. Sometimes too much.

She stopped by me. I was lying on the sofa. She seemed to tower above me like a giant.

She looked at me with an almost compassionate expression, then said slowly:

"What you've got to do is to get to know yourself."

I leapt to my feet and shouted:

"I *haven't* a self!... I'm a roundabout of recurrent moods, like everyone else! I've realized that fact more than others. Much more! That's the only difference between us. And don't you tell me that *you're* the same with every one! Because I don't believe it!"

"Perhaps not. But I shouldn't be—hysterical—if anyone stole all my clothes!"

She went to the door, then stopped and said:

"Your trouble is that you're extremely sensitive. You're an artist—without a medium. So you don't know what to do with your rebellious emotions."

She went on.

"But one thing's certain—you can't go on as you are. You're risking your sanity."

And then she went.

I stayed up all night, certain of only one thing: I couldn't see her again. And yet, if I did see her tomorrow, I could give a list of the stolen clothes, but *not* a complete list. If she said it wasn't complete, I'd know that she had arranged the theft of my clothes. Nevertheless, I decided that I dare not see her again.

At three in the morning I had an inspiration.

Soon after nine o'clock, I telephoned Radcliff who manages a branch of Brendans, the popular tailors. They have branches everywhere. I know Radcliff slightly.

I told him my clothes had been stolen, gave him my measurements, and he sent a man round immediately. There was a suit that would do. But it made me feel as anonymous as the dead.

Then I went to the Estate Office on the ground floor of the block. I

know Simpson well. I told him I'd got to let the flat furnished immediately. I'd leave all arrangements to him. He gave me a standardized form for a furnished let which I signed. I told him I'd be leaving London shortly, then gave him a *poste restante,* which I use for correspondence with people to whom I don't want to give my real address.

Then I booked a room in an hotel. God ! how I hate hotels ! Those dire public rooms ! No matter how ornate they are, they have the atmosphere of a railway station waiting room. And one's bedroom ! God have mercy on us ! The very silence is impersonal. How different from the intimate silence of one's own rooms—silence created by one's own unique solitude ! An hotel bedroom ! Which has everything that one wants, and nothing that one needs.

Two days later, I went to the *poste restante.* There were two letters—one from a woman I'd sworn never to see again, the other from Simpson asking me to telephone. I called him from a public box.

" Glad you rang," he said. " I let the flat the day you called to a.... Wait a minute ! I've so many papers on my desk I can't find a thing. Here we are ! I let it to Carmen Fanshawe."

I reeled out of the telephone box.

I'd have to go back ! I'd never stand six months in an hotel. God knows what Carmen will say—or do. I'll tell her everything. I'll have to go to her. And may be she's right. Perhaps I am risking my sanity.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

While the locks are yet brown on thy head,
While the soul still looks through thine eyes,
While the heart still pours
The mantling blood to thy cheek,
Sink, O youth, in thy soul !
Yearn to the greatness of Nature ;
Rally the good in the depths of thyself !

— MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE ANCIENT TAMIL PAST

[**Shri Ka Naa Subramanyam** is well known as a writer of distinction in Tamil. In this article he tries to outline, mainly upon the authority of the late Professor S. Vaiyapuri Pillai, a chronology for the important stages in the growth of Tamil literature in particular and Tamil life in general. He pleads for a view which will frankly acknowledge the interfusion of Sanskrit and Tamil influences in the past and will evolve standards of criticism by which contemporary Tamil writers can discriminate between what deserves to be reverently perpetuated and what must not be allowed to exercise too much influence by virtue of mere age.—ED.]

IN THE CONTEXT of the Aryan-Dravidian controversy in the south of India today it should be interesting to enquire into the ancient Tamil past and what exactly it stands for. Some of the exaggerated claims of the so-called pure Dravidians have, according to competent authorities, no basis in fact; but the glorious past of the Tamil language and literature and their vast empire, which spread into South-east Asia and spread Indian culture and civilization among countries which are still recognizably under the cultural influence of India, cannot be denied. The ancient Tamil past made this mediæval glory possible. And it is only recently that the past has begun to be dated and understood, thanks to the efforts of many scholars, chief among whom should be mentioned Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer and Professor S. Vaiyapuri Pillai.

It is commonly acknowledged that the Tamil language is an ancient classical language still current among nearly a tenth of the entire population of India. In the South-eastern parts of India, along the sea from Madras to Cape Kumari live the Tamils. Dravidian Tamil had given rise to various dialects and other full-fledged languages like Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam. The Tamils proudly claim to have been the oldest natives of India, but historians seem not to be sure of this point. Whether they were the original inhabitants or not, whether they were the earliest comers and settlers in India, cannot now be proved definitely. Tradition talks of a continent south of the Point Kumari which the Tamil Pandya kings ruled, an entire population shifting north when the sea rose and inundated portions of the land. There have been attempts to identify the Mohenjodaro and Harappa civilizations as Tamil and Dravidian.

The Dravidian element in Indian civilization is pre-Aryan. How much of the Dravidian element went into the making and moulding of the final Aryan in India we cannot say today. And what is recognized as Dravidian today may have been modified in the course of the centuries by constant

and intimate contact with the all-powerful Aryan. That in the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* period as well as in the later period of the Mauryas, the Tamil kingdoms of the South were recognized and known can be proved. Tradition claims for the Pandya and the Chola and the Chera kingdoms an antiquity that is legendary, but how far this antiquity can be supported by historical research is yet to be seen.

It was thanks mainly to the activities of the foreign missionaries who came to India during the period of the British conquest of India that interest in the Tamil past revived. For more than five or six centuries, owing to various reasons, mainly political, the Tamil language and literature had been neglected, though the pundits and the pedants kept alive a tradition of some sort. The foreign missionaries sought to give Tamil its first modern grammar, its first word-lists and its first prose books. The poetic tradition spoke vaguely of masterpieces but the pedants and the pundits were able to produce only meretricious and spurious texts which were not very convincing. The story of three academies flourishing for nearly nine thousand years in three different towns in which not only men and women but also gods and goddesses were members was widely current, and the beginnings of Tamil literature were traced back to the tenth millennium before Christ if not even earlier.

All the claims were unprovable either way, for many of the texts were not available to the Tamil reader, but in the second half of the nineteenth century; efforts were made to make available to the reader many of the old texts in Tamil. In this work, three names stand out: C. W. Damodaram Pillai, S. Bhavanandham Pillai and Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer—the last named spanning nearly a century of useful editorial activity (he lived from 1855 to 1942). The traditions were now assessed in the light of the texts made available in definitive editions and Pope's *Comparative Dravidian Grammar* initiated the era of research in Tamil. A brilliant amateur of letters, V. Kanagasabai Pillai, a superintendent of Post Offices, in his book *The Tamils Eighteen Hundred Years Ago,* made a romantic summing up of the ancient Tamil past in English, relying on the traditions current in his day. The work of defining the past was again taken further by a brilliant set of scholars, and culminated in the work of S. Vaiyapuri Pillai in the thirties and the forties of the present century. In summing up the Tamil past I am mainly following the well-reasoned-out and established theses of Vaiyapuri Pillai; for no one has brought to the study of the chronological problems of the ancient Tamils such scholarship, such a passion for historical truth and such an open mind as Vaiyapuri Pillai. His conclusions are now often not accepted by the pundits and the acade-

micians, but the reasoning of the late Vaiyapuri Pillai is inescapable and his historical sense is generally right. Few of his dates are likely to be questioned by the fair-minded scholars of today and the years to come.

The second and third centuries after Christ were years of great literary activity among the Tamils, who were inspired largely by a sense of what was being done in the rest of India and especially in the Sanskrit language. The pioneers could be safely dated as belonging to these centuries, and they laid the foundation for the future of literature in Tamil, writing subjective and objective lyrics and longer poems. By the beginning of the fourth century, Jain and Buddhist scholars with a rare discipline in Sanskrit literature lovingly took Tamil in hand and created many masterpieces. They put together the anthologies of the so-called Sangam Age as well as the longer poems. Grammatical textbooks partly based on Sanskrit and partly based on extant Tamil poetry were written shortly afterwards, the oldest of the grammars in Tamil now available being *Tolkappiyam,* which can be dated as belonging to the later half of the fifth century. Tolkappiyar himself seems to have been a Jain and well versed in Sanskrit grammatical texts as well as in Bharaṭa's *Natyashastra* and other Sanskrit works. Not merely a textbook of grammar, *Tolkappiyam* discusses the subject-matter of poetry as conventionally handled. This conventional handling is developed in a manner peculiar to the Tamil genius. Of late, sometimes, these conventions have been mistaken for facts of actual living conditions among the Tamils and many a sociological conclusion has been mistakenly drawn from what are mere literary conventions. Many of the shorter and longer poems collected together in the early anthologies of the Tamils give factual and historical accounts of some of the happenings in ancient Tamilnad. It can be said that the Tamil verses of the so-called Sangam Age aimed not at moving men to tears or to laughter but at creating an emotional stasis and in delineating a static fact. The Tamils had evolved a type of blank verse called *ahaval* which had no parallel in Sanskrit but which can be related to the English blank verse of later times.

The Jains and the Buddhists were men of great learning and their way of life was ascetic and moral. Tiruvalluvar, the greatest of the didactic poets of the Tamils, flourished round about the beginning of the seventh century A.D. and for his pithy short epigrams on life and living drew his inspiration from various sources like *Manusmriti,* the *Kamasutra* of Vatsyayana, the *Arthashastra* of Kautilya, the *Nitisara* of Kamandaka and other works of that kind in Sanskrit. His genius transformed his borrowings into something uniquely Tamil, as in a later day Shakespeare transformed all that he touched into English poetry. Many were the

didactic writers who emulated Tiruvalluvar, but none of them rose to his heights.

Tamil poetry achieved heights in a revolt against the moral and ascetic way of life preached by the Jains and the Buddhists, in the work of the poets of devotion who flourished at their highest in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, and intermittently in all the centuries that followed. These poets rose in ecstasy and went about all over the land, singing at one shrine or another. The age of devotion in Tamil coincided with the age of the great Dravidian architecture and art. The poets were mainly of two persuasions, according to which God they worshipped, Shiva or Vishnu. Equally impressive in quality as in quantity, these songs of devotion have been a living heritage to this day for the Tamils. Unlike the Sangam poems, which strove to achieve an emotional stasis, these devotional poems strove to move men to ecstasy. Chief among the devotional poets of Tamil should be mentioned Manikkavachagar and the woman poet Karaikkal Ammayar among the Shiva followers and Nammalwar and the woman poet Andal among the Vishnu followers.

This age of devotion was followed by nearly a century of Jain and Buddhist flowering again when the five epics of Tamil (of which only three are now available) were written. Only one of these is of any great literary merit, the *Shilappadhikaram.* The Sangam characteristics as well as the later-day verse techniques of the Tamils are to be found in this epic, which is a *tour de force* of emotional stasis justifying the ways of fate to man.

With the emergence of *Shilappadhikaram,* the ancient Tamil past can be said to have come to an end. The emergence coincided with the emergence of the great age of the Cholas in the south of India and of their empire in South-east Asia. The achievement of the ancient Tamil past is impressive and unique and spectacular, but at every step it has been inspired by Sanskrit and contributed to by scholars who brought much to it from the Aryan tongue. Many texts are said to have been lost, and it is very doubtful whether any of these texts will become available hereafter. Now that most of the definite bulk of the material in ancient Tamil is available, and now that a scholar of the standing of Vaiyapuri Pillai has sifted most of this material and placed it for us in the most acceptable chronological order, the next step is clearly indicated.

Conventions, grammars and tradition can help in the evaluation of literature, but by themselves they can mean nothing unless related to the purpose of the poetry and other creative work of the present day. The ancient texts of Tamil were commented on by learned men whose learning is astounding, but they did not place the texts in any critical perspective.

They are at best only mediators, however valuable their work. Their weight of erudition sits on the ancient texts of Tamil as the Old Man of the Sea fixed himself on Sinbad's shoulders. The Tamil reader is even now not able to approach most of the ancient texts as natural springs of poetry — as he would approach the poetry of, say, the English language. Selective anthologies, standards by which they can be judged and literary criteria by which any poem among them which is found wanting can be thrown off in spite of its age must now be evolved. The world of Tamil pedants and pundits is loth yet to leave Lemuria and clings to traditions which clearly are no longer tenable. So rampant is a call for "purism" and "freedom from Sanskrit influences" that we are alarmed when we think of the future adequacy of the language. And the repetition of sociological conclusions which clearly are untenable from old texts is the favourite pastime of many who claim to be scholars in Tamil. Unless all these cobwebs are swept away the ancient Tamil past cannot become a living reality. No literature, ancient or modern, can be called great unless it is capable of producing by its influence, direct or indirect, a literature as great as itself.

KA NAA SUBRAMANYAM

BIRDS

Oh, you who dwell
In the ocean-sounding trees
With jewels in your throats,
You, whose voices are flames
Bewildering the air with pleasure,
You, whose colours are myriad as your songs,
You are the wordless ones
Whose eloquence tells more
Than all the tongues of men
Since time began.

HERBERT BLUEN

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"ON THE MAGNET"*

WILLIAM GILBERT was physician to Queen Elizabeth I of England but his fame rests on his treatise, *De Magnete,* written in Latin, and published in London in the year 1600. The number of copies printed was small and only a few are extant today. A second and a third Latin edition was produced in 1628 and 1633, in Stettin, and a photo-zincographic facsimile of the first London edition was published in 1892 by Mayer and Mueller of Berlin.

It is rather surprising, in view of the book's early fame, that no English translation was made until 1893, nearly 300 years after its first appearance. This translation was produced by Paul Fleury Mottelay and published in New York. It was reprinted in 1952 in Vol. 28, Great Books of the World, Encyclopædia Britannica. In 1889, a "Gilbert Club" was formed in Britain with the object of bringing out a tercentenary translation of Gilbert's treatise, which was to be as close a copy as possible, apart from language, of the original London edition. The work of translation and revision was undertaken by a group of ten people but, of these, it was Professor Silvanus P. Thompson who contributed the major effort and who also provided a very thorough set of explanatory notes to assist the reader through some of the obscurities of the original text. This tercentenary translation was published in a limited edition in 1900 by the Chiswick Press and it is this version of Gilbert's book which has now been reissued in the "Collector's Series in Science," by Basic Books Incorporated.

Here we have the text of Gilbert's work, translated with loving care and provided with an index. To this have been added a bibliography of the various published versions, Silvanus Thompson's notes and an index to the authorities he quotes. All this has been reproduced from the 1900 translation, but, in addition, the present version gives us a reproduction of the title page of the second Latin edition published in Stettin, a portrait of William Gilbert and a scholarly introduction by the editor, Derek J. Price of the Institute of Advanced Study, Princeton. The first part of this review has been based on this editorial introduction which also gives a list of books for suggested further reading.

The resultant volume therefore forms a very handsome tribute to Gilbert and his work and also gives the scientific reader an adequate background to show Gilbert's achievements in their true perspective. The printing, paper and binding are all of a high standard so that possession of the book, quite apart from its contents, should appeal to the bibliophile. One minor criticism perhaps is that the book is rather large (7½" x 12" x 1¼" thick) and heavy so it cannot comfortably be held in the hand, but this is not a volume intended for light reading.

It may be asked, for whom is the book intended and what is its value to a modern scientific worker? The book will certainly appeal to all those interested in the early history of science, as a classic treatise which has, for long, been available only in a very restricted sense. For anyone wishing to study the properties of magnets, *per se,* more

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* *On the Magnet.* By WILLIAM GILBERT. Edited by DEREK J. PRICE (The Collector's Series in Science, Basic Books, Incorporated, New York. xi+246+67 pp. Illustrated. 1958)

modern works would undoubtedly be consulted. The chief merit of the book, however, lies in the fact that Gilbert was an experimental scientist and in fact may be said to have been one of the first to use what we now believe to be the correct scientific approach to natural phenomena. Firstly, he finds it necessary to invent new words or to give old words a new meaning in order to describe some of the phenomena observed but he gives a glossary of such terms at the beginning of his book. Secondly, Gilbert devotes Chapter I of Book I of his work to summarizing ancient and modern writings on the "Loadstone" in which he critically examines old and new theories which very often amounted to no more than superstitions or "travellers' tales." Thirdly, Gilbert's use of the experimental approach and his disciplined methods may be illustrated by quoting his own words, from the "Preface to the Candid Reader," where he says:—

> Whoso desireth to make trial of the same experiments, let him handle the substances, not negligently and carelessly, but prudently, deftly, and in the proper way; nor let him (when a thing doth not succeed) ignorantly denounce our discoveries: for nothing hath been set down in these books which hath not been explored and many times performed and repeated amongst us.

The significance of the last part of this quotation is apparent in the fact that the book on the Magnet was published only after Gilbert had worked on the subject for seventeen to eighteen years, most of this work being performed during such leisure moments as he could snatch from his profession as a doctor. During this same period his skill as a medical man was well known and he finally became President of the Royal College of Physicians in 1599, about a year before his book was published.

A copy of this book should be available in every university library as an inspiration to all those who desire to acquire wisdom and judgment as opposed to mere knowledge.

F. R. Perry

The Six Ways of Knowing: A Critical Study of the Vedānta Theory of Knowledge. By D. M. Datta. (University of Calcutta. 360 pp. 1960. Rs. 12.00)

The author's aim is to examine critically the epistemology, logic and psychology of the monistic (Advaita) school of Vedānta in the light, not only of other Hindu systems, but also of modern Western thought. Possessing the rare combination of a sound knowledge of Sanskrit philosophical literature and a close acquaintance with contemporary British and American philosophy, Dr. D. M. Datta was eminently suited for such an undertaking. He explains that he has adopted the method of critical analysis, comparison and evaluation as the purpose of the work was "to bring the problems, concepts and theories of the Vedāntins within the focus of modern Western thought." And this has resulted in "the elimination of Sanskrit technical terms, the use of Western terms and concepts, the rearrangement of topics and the introduction of lengthy criticism." However, the English equivalents selected by the author to express Sanskrit terms are apt and will appeal to both Sanskritists and philosophers.

Dealing in the Introduction with knowledge and the methods of knowledge according to the different systems of Hindu philosophy, the six Books in the work discuss exhaustively the six ways of knowing (*pramāṇas*), *viz.*, Perception (*pratyaksha*), Comparison (*upamāna*), Non-cognition (*anupalabdhi*), Inference (*anumāna*), Postulation (*arthāpatti*) and Testimony (*śabda*). It is thus seen that the author adopts an order different from that followed by the Advaitins, presumably because

comparison and perception, according to Western thinkers, are cases of perception, and postulation appears as inference to them. He has, however, shown, after a detailed discussion, that comparison, non-cognition and postulation are quite distinct from inference and deserve a separate place among *pramāṇas*. Though, by the very nature of the work, abstruse discussions could not be avoided, the author has kept lucidity in mind.

In the light of his wide knowledge of Indian and Western thought, the author defends the Vedānta standpoint against the views of rival Hindu systems and contemporary philosophical thought, and shows that the epistemological doctrines of Advaita Vedānta, hitherto neglected, constitute "valuable contributions to the Philosophy of the World." The book will stimulate interest in problems of Indian philosophy.

A. D. PUSALKER

Similes in Manusmṛti. By M. D. PARADKAR. (Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi. 100 pp. 1960. Rs. 6.00)

The *Manusmṛti* is one of those basic texts which have played an important role in moulding Indian life and thought over several centuries. Its teachings are of wide interest to those interested in ancient Indian law, ethics, politics and social sciences. But these do not come within the purview of the present research thesis, which is, by choice, restricted to the study of similes through stylistic analysis. While this analysis is carried out with German thoroughness in about 80 pages (Chs. II and III), adopting the classification scheme detailed by Mammaṭa, only a dozen pages (Ch. I) are devoted to estimating the bearings of the similes on the author's field of observation; and only nine pages (Ch. IV) to other figures of speech in the work. The conclusions are:—

> Some *upamās* are culled from the God-world, others are to be traced to the world of Sacrifice. . . . Majority of the Upamas . . . belong to this mortal world of ours. Hence Upamas from the Nature-world, Animal-world and Human-world have a lion's share. (p. 1)
>
> Looking at the Animal-world, it can be safely said that the author is a very careful observer of the habits of animals, birds and insects. (p. 2)

Some of these conclusions hardly justify so much laborious research; and there is not even an attempt to assess the poetry of the *Manusmṛti* while listing the *alaṅkāras*. One gets the impression that material which could have been conveniently stated in a few classified tables has been stretched to form the bulk of the thesis. One wonders how the application of the methodology of the *ālaṅkārikas* can illumine the study of a *śāstra* text like the *Manusmṛti*. However, specialists will find in the work a painstaking study of an aspect of the *Manusmṛti*, not highlighted before.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan: Vol. II. The Mysticism of Sound; Music; The Power of the Word; Cosmic Language. (Published for International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, Geneva, by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 262 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. 32*s*. 6*d*.)

There is little of historic Sufism — the mysticism of Islam — in this book, which contains elements derived from different faiths, a few from Islamic Sufism, much more from Hinduism and some from Christianity and Judaism, but the greater part is the writer's original contribution to his subject,

This is the second volume of the series and contains sections entitled "The Mysticism of Sound," "Music," "The Power of the Word" and "Cosmic Language." The author says in the preface that he has offered his heart to God and "become His flute; and when He chooses, He plays His music." In the first part, he contends that the Life Absolute, from which springs all that is felt and seen and into which all merges in time, is a silent and eternal life, which is manifested, and becomes active, in vibrations. But there must be harmony and the chief cause of disharmony is the self, *Nafs,* and only by crushing this enemy can man gain access to God.

In the section on "Music," the writer has much to say of beauty.

> It is owing to our limitation that we cannot see the whole being of God; but all that we love in colour, line, form or personality belongs to the real beauty, the Beloved of all,

the divine Giver who gives the wine of life to all. Music is beauty in movement and therefore the mystics of all ages have loved music, because it touches our innermost being and produces new life, "raising it to that perfection in which lies the fulfilment of man's life."

In the section on "The Power of the Word," the author considers that the difference between science and mysticism is very slight: One goes a certain distance, but the other goes further. The work of the scientist is to explain the gradual development of creation, but the mystic holds that before creation was the perfect Being, and that creation was the manifestation of Himself.

In "Cosmic Language" the author has wise words on death, for, as God is omnipotent, all-pervading and the only Being, there can be no death; it is only a change: " . . . as all is life, there is no death."

There are many wise and beautiful things to be found in this book and all students of mysticism will find much in it to interest them and to think about. It is a pity there is no index to make it more valuable still.

MARGARET SMITH

The Nature of Judaism. By SAMUEL UMEN. (Philosophical Library, New York. 152 pp. 1961. $3.75).

This is not a systematic work on theology nor is it a work on the historical role of Judaism; nor is it a powerful polemic in support of that great religion. It is a collection of stray thoughts on some of the vital matters which come up for solution before each man, and the Jewish solution is offered with feeling, a sense of certitude and a tinge of pride. It is a simple book for the layman, but it is not milk for babes. The only jarring effect is the reference to American democracy, which, in the author's estimation, is "composed of the loftiest ideals of every group of every religion found in America." The same claim could well be made by the unwritten constitution of Great Britain or the written Constitution of India.

Solomon Grayzel says:—

> The test of a people's greatness is not the number of its citizens, nor the size of its cities, nor the wealth of its millionaires. The real test is in a people's effort to improve the mind, the character and the well-being of humanity, to give life new directions and to extend justice in human society.

If this is so, the Jewish race can claim a place of pre-eminence in the world. Its contributions to religion, art, science and literature are well known. But Judaism is also the cradle of Christianity and Islam, a claim which every Jew makes with justifiable pride.

After dealing with the essentials of Judaism, such as monotheism and the Bible, the author deals with the Proph-

ets. The Hebrew notion of prophecy applies to such men as Gandhi and Schweitzer; for they "had wisdom, strength and riches" of the heart and soul. They were those who "defend the weak, protect the poor, help the helpless, encourage the hopeless and speak for the voiceless; who condemn evil and corruption and glorify justice and righteousness."

The author is an exponent of Reform Judaism, as distinguished from the Orthodox school, and he states the difference between the two. The Reformists urge the shortening of the prayers and their translation into the language of each country; the introduction of music in the synagogues; they advocate a weekly sermon [as in Islam]; recommend greater attention to the Bible and less to the Talmud; and they allow freedom in the matter of dietary regulations. And the author hopefully believes that this is the Judaism of the future.

The chapter on the Book of Job is, as is to be expected, very telling, and the difference between Job and his wife is well brought out. "Curse God and die," says Job's wife; but Job replies: "Though he slay me yet I will trust in Him." And it is this faith that has sustained true believers throughout the ages.

The author gives a very good selection of Jewish prayers, which portray the love of God, justice, the bounty of God and, of course, the Ten Commandments.

A student of Judaism would miss an account of the persecutions suffered by Israel. And there is no mention of the doctrine of the excellence of Israel. The chapters are snippets of valuable thoughts rather than a systematic account of any one doctrine. As such they would be more useful to the preacher than to the student.

The Jews in their long history have suffered many persecutions with patience and fortitude. They have made the proud claim to be a Chosen Race with considerable force; and they have tenaciously maintained the spirit of their faith in their homes and communities. This little book is an excellent elementary guide which opens a window on the mind and spirit of the Jews. One cannot expect the organ tones of Leon Baeck or the masterly sweep of Maimonides in each new work, but this small volume is worthy of a small community which has done so much for the world of culture and contributed so greatly to the shaping of the human spirit.

A. A. A. FYZEE

Socrates and the Human Conscience. By MICHELINE SAUVAGE in collaboration with MARIE SAUVAGE. Translated by PATRICK HEPBURNE-SCOTT. (Men of Wisdom Series. Harper and Brothers, New York; Longmans, London. 191 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 6*s*.)

No trouble or expense has been spared to clothe this little book in paper-back splendour. Almost a hundred illustrations, of buildings, monuments, statues, portrait-busts, painted vases, manuscripts, rare editions of printed books, fill up, at a rough estimate, half the available space. But they are not all as relevant as their sometimes forced captions seek to suggest, and one cannot avoid the feeling that the historic Socrates, an elusive figure at the best of times, has rather been crowded out. Further inroads on space have been made by the numerous testimonies to his influence over the last two thousand years culled from his contemporaries, like Aristophanes, Xenophon and Plato, and down through the centuries to Kierkegaard, Valéry and Cornford. These, though interesting in themselves, spring from so many diverse minds and attitudes that they seem, like the plethora of illustrations, to disperse rather than concentrate the interest. Micheline

Sauvage is assuredly a very knowledgeable authority; but, while the expert can admire the skill with which so much has been packed into a small space, the average reader, one fears, will seek solace for some indigestible pages in the copious illustrations. Neither is the translation without fault. It is readable for the most part; but some of the classical names have come to grief and there are occasional obscure sentences which, one suspects, were quite clear in the French. This for example: " 'They [*i.e.*, the comic poets] have *forestalled* most of you since your childhood,' the accused was to tell his judges, in Plato's *Apology*." (p. 39) Should it be *prejudiced*? Has there been some misinterpretation of *prévenir*?

B. FARRINGTON

Gandhi Wields the Weapon of Moral Power: Three Case Histories. By GENE SHARP. Foreword by ALBERT EINSTEIN. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. xxiv+316 pp. 1960. Rs. 5.00)

Mr. Gene Sharp, a young American writer, has very ably put before us Gandhiji's technique of social action, "an active dynamic way of combating social evils without the use of violence," with the weapon of moral power. Gandhiji combined non-violent strategy with moral power, love, integrity and goodness to provide an active method of overcoming social evils.

The author here gives three instances of the use of this technique and strategy. One was in the economic sphere, to free the peasants of Champaran from exploitation by British planters; another in the political sphere, to wage war against alien rule; and the third in the social sphere, to overcome hatred between religious groups — the Hindus and the Muslims. Mr. Gene Sharp, a keen and methodical student of Gandhiji's philosophy and work, has marshalled facts and presented the "three case histories" very systematically. In these instances Gandhiji applied his moral principles and succeeded in changing the heart of the opponent.

As Dr. Albert Einstein writes in his Foreword, "this book reports facts and nothing but facts"; and it does this very lucidly. It is full of detailed descriptions, eyewitness accounts, and contemporary statements, which we would unhesitatingly endorse as correct.

The book contains a Glossary and an Index.

S. K. JHAVERI

Goethe the Critic: A Selection from his Writings on the Arts. Introduction and notes by G. F. SENIOR. Revised and completed by C. V. BOCK. German Texts. (Manchester University Press. xxiii+142 pp. 1960. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

Professor R. Peacock, General Editor of the German texts published by the Manchester University Press, launches this booklet with a warm "Foreword" about the late Geoffrey Senior and Dr. C. V. Bock, who revised the selection of texts and enlarged the "Notes" whilst keeping G. F. Senior's "Introduction" untouched. In this "Introduction" Goethe's importance in the history of literary criticism receives a valuable interpretation. The line demarcating Goethe's creative work and his critical writings is indeed often impossible to trace, *e.g.*, in *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*.

> Creative writing itself can have the impact of criticism without being recognizable as such. . . . If, however, we confine criticism to mean that which teaches by precept rather than example, the fact remains that it overflows everywhere into his creative work. . . .

Goethe's critical writings can certain-

ly not be called "criticism" in the modern and narrow sense of the word; it is "not an art in its own right . . . but one which kept practical ends closely in view." It often merges into his occasional didactic verse, his reflections and essays or is enshrined in letters and vivid discussions with friends.

The authors are felicitous in their choice of the texts, *e.g.*, the section *"Nature und Kunst"* reflects Goethe's predilection for the visual classical art, for Winckelmann's ideal of "noble simplicity and serene greatness," for the secret of inward form and the interrelationship between the laws of science and art, particularly in *"Einfache Nachahmung der Natur, Manier, Still, 1788."*

Apart from the classical, Goethe's work shows the decisive influence of Shakespeare, but mainly during the Strassburg period. Unfortunately, the discussion about *Hamlet* in *Wilhelm Meister* is not given in this book, but the selections are otherwise generous and most informative.

A. CLOSS

Poems I Remember. By CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. (Michael Joseph, London. 190 pp. 1960. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

There is scarcely any poem in Mr. Christmas Humphreys' pleasure-giving anthology which is not familiar to all poets and poetry-readers of the last fifty years; indeed many must be known by heart. It is convenient to find them gathered together now in one handy volume. The "moderns" are almost entirely excluded, with the exception of two poems by Stephen Spender, which certainly rank as two of the best in the book. Mr. Humphreys' remarks on poetry, and his answers to the perennial question "What is poetry?" in the Introduction, are of great interest, especially the "ingredients" he mentions: music, emotion, meaning and something more — the "something more" being of course the real secret of poetry, the magic, or whatever we may call it; certainly the mystery. It is obvious, therefore, as Mr. Humphreys says in his comment on *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* that "How Keats wrought the magic . . . none can say," indeed none can, not even the poet himself; for the whole question is involved with the great mystery of inspiration, either present when a poem is made, or not. Certainly almost every poem in this anthology is touched with the essential magic, and it is good to re-read such enchanting poems as Rossetti's "Silent Noon," Walter de la Mare's "Silver" and Yeats's "Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven" (these three, incidentally, have been wonderfully set to music by Vaughan Williams, Armstrong Gibbs and Thomas Dunhill), and good to be reminded of Ernest Dowson. Rupert Brooke, surely a greater poet than has yet been recognized, is given due honour, and though we may wish for many poems not to be found here, we are grateful indeed for a collection — and recollection — of so much beauty and delight.

DALLAS KENMARE

Other Schools and Ours. By EDMUND J. KING. (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. xiii+238 pp. Illustrated. 1958. 25*s*.)

Mr. King, Lecturer in Education at King's College, University of London, has succeeded in giving us a wide, reliable and extremely readable survey of the educational systems of six different countries, including those of India, the United States and Soviet Russia. In this survey he not only gives us an immense amount of detail and hard fact, but he links up the actual

professional detail with the whole national social structure and shows how each educational system is a natural outcome of a nation's history.

In addition to this basic groundwork he provides his readers with some extremely original interpretations and gives many of those suggestions and hints for future research that can be so helpful for a study group or for a single reader who likes to go ahead for himself.

The Bibliography, index and further notes are admirable and provide just that extra help that makes a book a real standby, especially in a college library.

A brief extract or so will show the quality of the material and, equally valuable, the style. (That rare thing, plain English, using one word when ten would have been more mysterious, upper-professional and superior!)

About America: "American economists truly tell us that their whole economy is geared to reckless consumption, if not to waste." This is followed up by "So the school is a sort of oasis, a happy land, shielded from the stresses and competitions of adult life." He explains how this lush economy is connected with a "no-hurry" attitude, and what may seem a low standard of academic progress compared with that of French and English schools.

What a contrast to the struggle in India with its enormously increasing population! "Since the reader first started on this chapter some thirty or forty new Indians have been born," and "Nothing happens on a small scale in India — great droughts, great floods, burning heats and torrential monsoons. . . ." Also "It is almost impossible to paint a representative picture of the Indian school." Then he gives a sympathetic and detailed picture of the immense difficulties and the wonderful efforts involved in Indian education.

Finally, the author sums up:—

> We began by looking over the garden fence. Nothing ever really happens entirely in our own back yard any more. The smoke from our barbecues is grievously tantalizing to the hungry; alternatively, the fumes of our garbage fire make our neighbours' life a misery. . . . Thinking very seriously about other people's children may be ultimately the best service we can offer our own.

ELIZABETH CROSS

A Ring of Stories. By STELLA MEAD. Illustrated by Jennetta Vise. (University of London Press, Ltd. 143 pp. 9*s*. 6*d*. net).

In spite of the influx of mechanical and electric toys, children still love and treasure story-books which take them to a region of fairies, angels and heroes, where truth and bravery are ever rewarded, cunning and falsehood always punished. Time has not worn away the charm of the world's ancient tales, and here are some of them retold with fine simplicity and great delicacy of expression. Miss Mead's dewy touch upon the English language transforms them into children's delight.

The fifteen pieces found here vary as much in subject-matter as in tone. There is the mirthful Dragon in the Kettle of a Burmese; the nature-loving Russian stands gazing at the river Ob; the Rip-Van-Winkle–like Chinese peasant goes away bewildered; the Korean Kam's mirror causes a storm in his domestic cup; and so on. Here, it is the recounting of Beowulf's brave deeds; there, the inevitable tragedy of Deirdre. Be it just an old tale in a new garb or a story with an unobtrusive moral, this ring of stories wafts a breeze of imaginative exhilaration.

The most melodious of the tales, however, comes from India. Miss Mead

heard the story from an Indian child, and gave it her own form. It is about a bird with a golden voice that dropped golden pieces. The greedy merchant who wished to possess the bird for its golden shekels and the merchant's daughter who loved the bird for its full-throated ease offer a poignant contrast. The bird is caged and sings no more. The child's intuition whispers to her:—

"Perhaps it wants to be free," said Tara. "Perhaps it can only sing in the tree-tops with the open sky all round about."

But grown-up ignorance dismisses the argument as nonsense, and the end is necessarily a tragedy. What a lovely tale that can open the vistas of the children's imagination!

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Stray Glimpses of Bapu. By KAKASAHEB KALELKAR. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 166 pp. 1960. Rs. 2.00)

Originally published in 1950, this slim volume of memoirs of Gandhiji is now being reissued in a new edition, in which the one hundred and three anecdotes comprising it have been chronologically arranged and embellished with informative footnotes. Kakasaheb Kalelkar is one of those few, still fortunately with us, who had the unique privilege of knowing Bapu intimately. Here, in the short compass of 166 pages, he has lovingly made from Gandhiji's life a rosary of anecdotes. These vivid flashes reveal Bapu's abiding humanity, his childlike simplicity, his staunch determination and, in short, the endless wonderfulness of his manifold personality. There is an ineffable charm clinging to this jumbled bundle of reminiscences which limn the character of that frail and little man who won for us our political emancipation by the invincible weapons peculiarly his own — of unyielding gentleness, patient argument and determination to endure whatever might come.

A couple of points struck me while reading this volume. They are mentioned here in the fervent hope that they would be attended to in the subsequent impressions which I am sure will be needed very soon. Santoshbabu Majumdar (p. 8) is a travesty of a name and Sharad Babu (p. 9) should have been Sarat Babu. Again of the two forms "Maharashtris" (p. 59) and "Maharashtrians" (p. 78) which is the correct one? Furthermore, Satishbabu (p. 109) demands an introductory footnote.

The sidelights on Bapu will always show us much that is often missed in a regular biography.

D. K. SEN

Anton Dolin: Autobiography. (Oldbourne, London. 336 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 30*s.*)

This is the story of an astonishing life. Patrick Healey Kay, of English-Irish parentage, became the *premier danseur classique* of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet. It was a triumph of intense dedication and genius.

Presented to the Duke of Connaught as "The new star of the Russian Ballet, Anton Dolin," young Kay was asked by His Highness: "And what part of Russia do you come from, my lad?"

"Horsham, Sussex, sir!"

"... Really! How extraordinary!"

It was extraordinary, indeed. Partner to Nemchinova, Spessiva, Karsavina, Toumanova, Markova, and a dozen more of the world's greatest ballerinas, Anton Dolin eventually founded his own company, and is now the artistic director of London's Festival Ballet.

Among the many great roles created for him is that of Satan in *Job,* which he danced at the Old Vic in 1931. This

ballet, with its *décor* based on the spiritually evocative drawings of William Blake, was a landmark in the evolution of British Ballet. The energy and faith of Lilian Baylis, who during her long life cherished both opera and ballet at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, was responsible for the company that is now the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden Opera House. Dolin paints a vivid portrait of her.

He also writes with feeling of his many performances at the London Coliseum and Alhambra Theatres, where he worked in close co-operation with my father, the late Sir Oswald Stoll. Dolin's Festival Ballet made its London début at the Stoll Theatre in 1950.

The most touching pages in the book are those devoted to Olga Spessiva. He claims that "Her dancing was heavenly; it left a feeling of spiritual wonder in everyone." His account of her sad breakdown in New York at the end of her career reminds one of the fate of the great Nijinsky.

Well illustrated and indexed, this autobiography is not only worth reading for its own sake, but because it throws illuminating light on the history of Russian Ballet in the West, and tells the story of the birth of British Ballet. It is of particular interest to Indian readers that Dolin describes his visit to Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta during a world tour.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

George Eliot: The Woman. By MARGARET CROMPTON. (Cassell, London. x+214 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 25*s*.)

The title of this book is well-chosen for it is a study not of George Eliot's novels, nor even primarily of the novelist, but of the woman herself. There is nothing particularly new in this biography, but the author has had the advantage of being able to make use of material published over the last few years; especially the seven volumes of George Eliot's *Letters* edited by Professor Haight and published by the Oxford University Press, 1954-56.

Modern literary criticism, influenced especially by F. R. Leavis's *The Great Tradition*, has raised the status of George Eliot as a novelist and many today see her as the greatest English novelist of the nineteenth century, above Dickens and Thackeray. Her sensitive understanding of moral experience in a world in which the traditional religious beliefs were decaying has made her an especially sympathetic figure to the modern mind. But what of the woman who expressed this understanding so brilliantly in novels like *Middlemarch, Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*? What sort of person was she?

Margaret Crompton gives us a well-drawn portrait of the woman whose novels were to achieve such fame. Behind the masculine *nom-de-plume* was a very feminine person indeed. Although she had a masculine strength of intellect, it was allied to a personality with powerful emotions, which craved for affection and could find peace only in dependence upon another. This explains her union, at the age of thirty-four, to George Henry Lewes, a married man with a doubtful reputation, and yet one who possessed intellect, mercurial spirits, and above all one who was *sympathique* and understood her; a union which, though at first it shocked society, proved a happy and permanent one. This biography gives us a convincing assessment of a remarkable and fascinating woman.

R. L. BRETT

Management Efficiency. By P. K. MURTI. (Efficiency Publications, Bombay. 111 pp. 1960. Rs. 10.00)

Professor Arnold Toynbee, in an ad-

dress delivered at Edinburgh University in 1952, predicted that in fifty years the world would be under the hegemony of the U.S.A. but that "in the twenty-first century, as religion captures the place of technology, it is possible that India, the conquered, will conquer her conquerors." Shri Murti's approach to the problems of efficiency, in industrial and other organizations, revolves round individual perfection as laid down in the *Bhagavad-Gita* and, if generally accepted, should help to usher in the era envisaged by Professor Toynbee.

According to the *Gita,* "skill in action" is synonymous with *Yoga.* When work is undertaken in this spirit, it is done with devotion and concentration.

> To the unattached worker [as Swami Vivekananda points out] all duties are equally good and form an efficient instrument with which selfishness and sensuality may be killed and the freedom of the soul secured.

With the ideals of top units in any organization set so high, success at every point is obviously assured.

The book includes a biographical sketch of Dr. T. M. Pai, a very effective social worker, and chapters on the evolution of managers, on the revival of the art of management, on scientific management and on what constitutes the vital force which makes for efficiency, together with well-chosen excerpts from Eastern and Western writers. Shri Murti has taken a great deal of trouble in order to drive home his point. It is hoped that, as a result, he will succeed in convincing the unregenerate that since "idealism is the most enlightened form of self-interest," his arguments cannot be controverted.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

[We regret having to publish the sad news that, since this review was written, the author, Shri P. K. Murti, has suddenly passed away. He succumbed to a heart attack on February 16th, 1961.—ED.]

The Reality of Religion. By JEHANGIR M. SHAPOORJEE. (Ganesh and Co., Madras. 135 pp. 1960. Rs. 6.00)

This book is a laudable effort to help the average man in his spiritual improvement. To the many who oppose the idea of seeking enlightenment with the help of a Guru, the author explains that just as it is necessary to follow a guide when exploring some unknown territory, it is important to seek the help of a higher being if you wish to reach the Great Unknown.

The author confesses that though he had endeavoured for a long time to resolve the mysteries of life, he had failed, as it was beyond his capacity to imbibe deep and mystical philosophies. It was during this state of despair that he met Baba Sai Mirchandani, whose personality made an immediate impact on his mind. Impressed by his sincerity and deep wisdom, he accepted him as his Master, and found confirmation from many quarters of the basic concepts of his preaching, which was based on righteousness, truth and love, and which, above all, did not call for any change of religion.

Considerable attention is devoted to the four predecessors of Sai Mirchandani who are known to their followers as the Masters of Shah Daraz. In inverse chronological order, they were Sai Giani born in 1890, who incidentally commenced life as a barrister, Sai Sakhi, Sai Nanak Yusuf and Sai Sachal, the last named having been a Sufi mystic.

It is enlightening to note that though professing different religious faiths, these Masters made no difference between castes and creeds, and the Muslim Sai Sakhi chose to bequeath his spiritual mantle to Sai Giani, a Hindu by birth.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

The Devil and I. By OLIVE R. THOMPSON. (Philosophical Library, New York. 69 pp. 1960. $3.75)

Psychologists tell us there is a reason for everything we do, so I suppose that each person who sets out to write a book has a definite purpose in mind [says the author in the course of her Preface]. Mine is to help those who are in search of the Kingdom of God.

Brought up in a family which enjoyed morning service, Sunday school and the Sunday evening "song and praise service" the writer seems to have been conditioned from her earliest years to undertake such a task. She relates simply but forcefully the story of the Hormuzd-Ahriman struggle which went on in her consciousness, of the slow drifting away from earlier habits of faith and prayer as life closed in on her and brought with it worries, fear, self-pity and resentment, and of how she retraced her steps, putting what she calls "the communication system between God and herself" in order only to discover that "He was closer to her than her breath, nearer than hands and feet." She learnt what it meant to have absolute reliance on God, and, having discovered this "Open Sesame" leading to peace and rest of soul, Mrs. Thompson decided to tell her story for the benefit of those stumbling along the route. The result of that decision is a thoughtful and encouraging book.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

Everything for a Smile. By N. C. ZAMINDAR. (Triveni Publishers, Masulipatam. 122 pp. 1960. Rs. 2.00)

Covering a wide field, the fifty essays presented here are in the nature of random reflections showing different aspects of the author's own character, and though readers may disagree with some of his ideas, many strike a responsive chord.

Shri Zamindar ranges from matters of moment to trivialities, from the philosophic to the mundane, but through all there is an undercurrent of humour which, though never biting, is often cynical, as when he discusses the effect that the "Kaldor pattern" of taxation is likely to have on the Indian economy.

There is wisdom in many of his apparently light-hearted little essays. He does not hesitate to question accepted proverbial wisdom; for, as he says, questionings are a part of mental hygiene.

A mood of gentler understanding is revealed in the essay "Meeting and Parting," and few will gainsay his statement that everybody has his own crucifixion, and that "verily the measure of one's greatness is proportionate to the amount of sympathy and charity which one shows on one's cross."

A book to be picked up in moments of leisure, for though it contains food for thought, it is offered in a form that is easily assimilated.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

A HISTORY OF DHARMASHASTRA

FIVE BULKY VOLUMES of *History of Dharmashastra* have so far been completed by Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. P. V. Kane and he is at present busy on the sixth and last volume of his *magnum opus*. In undertaking to write this *History*, Dr. Kane kept up the old Brahmanical tradition of learning and scholarship.

Even a cursory glance at the volumes and their contents is enough to give an idea of the vast extent of the field covered by the learned author. The real cyclopædic nature of the *History* is fully appreciated, however, only if we know the comprehensive scope of *Dharmashastra*. Almost an ocean of literature exists about it in Sanskrit.

"Hindu Law" is but a poor expression for *Dharmashastra*, which by its very nature is an extremely complicated affair. Three cardinal principles govern it: the customary law (*achara*); law and administration of justice (*vyavahara*); and expiation (*prayaschitta*). An organic unity of law, religion and morality is thus secured, and hardly any aspect of life, from the birth of a baby to the burning of the dead, escapes the bounds of such a law. Legal offences are moral sins also, and along with punishment for the crime expiation for the sin is also prescribed.

That is not all. There is gradation in the intensity of crime, depending on the rank of the persons involved. Provincial practices again are different. The *Dayabhaga* school, for instance, is current in Bengal, as *Mayukha* is in the island of Bombay, North Konkan and Gujarat. For the rest of India, *Mitakshara* is an accepted authority. Their limits are nowhere clearly defined and till recently there were non-Hindu communities governed by the Hindu Law! To crown all the difficulties in the study of *Dharmashastra*, the extent of available texts is a formidable obstacle.

There are more than 500 authorities and their pithy Sanskrit texts to be consulted. An added complication is that eminent judicial authorities, in India and abroad, have pronounced varying and at times conflicting judgments in cases under the Hindu Law. These require to be critically examined for the project undertaken.

The Himalayan nature of the work involved can now be realized and the fact that MM. Dr. Kane has been working on this History for over thirty years can be appreciated better. The Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Poona, sponsored the publication of the *History of Dharmashastra*, and Volume I was offered to the public in 1930. In it we have a brief outline of the meaning, scope and sources of *Dharmashastra* and lists of accepted authorities and their works. Two longish Appendixes list the texts available and their authors, respectively. Not satisfied with mere listing, MM. Kane has tried to ascertain the period to which these belonged, in which they must have been composed or current. By his studious and careful judgment, Dr. Kane has become an accepted authority.

With its 1366 pages, Volume II is the biggest of all published so far. It considers the division of the society into classes (*varnas*) and of mortal life into stages (*ashramas*). Duties and ceremonies attached to persons passing through these stages in life are carefully described and, in doing so, the cyclopædic nature of MM. Kane's work reveals itself. Various problems which today beset a social reformer, or even an administrator in the broader sense of the term, are treated as they cropped up centuries ago. A general Index and another of important Sanskrit words are provided at the end.

Three main topics are covered in the third Volume: *Rajadharma* (duties of the King); *Vyavahara* (law and administration of justice); and *Sadachara* (the conduct of the good [citizen]). The duties and responsibilities of the

sovereign of a State, as cited from ancient Hindu texts, have a topicality even in the democracy of today. *Dharma* was the supreme power in the State, even above the King, who was but an instrument to achieve the ordained goal. The coronation ceremony symbolized the consent of the people, and it meant an undertaking by the King to govern well and according to the dictates, not of his own sweet will, but of the *Dharma*.

Law and administration of justice through the ages past is explained in the second section. We are transported into a past in which social conditions were altogether different, many problems were being faced for the first time and leaders of society were seen devising ways and means of adjusting it to changing conditions. A long list of high functionaries of the State with their Sanskrit names is indicative of the state of ancient polity. In addition to the usual information, there is a list of cases cited in which judgments on Hindu Law have been pronounced during the British régime.

As the name implies, the third section deals with the conduct of the good (citizen). That must be taken to be a standard expected, as in a fast-changing society, no hard and fast rules could be supplied for conduct. In ancient scriptures, the stress is laid on following in the footsteps of the *good*. That is why *Sadachara* assumes an important place in the Hindu Law. To study the changing pattern of *Sadachara* throughout the many centuries past while society underwent changes in its make-up is interesting, although the task of tracing the outline even must be considered far too complicated for a single scholar. Yet MM. Kane has achieved wonderful mastery and clarity, born of a clear understanding.

Volume IV covers the subject of sins and their expiation, funerary rites, offerings to manes and pilgrimage. Here again the historical aspect of the form of certain rites and rituals calls for careful study of the available material. The list of places of pilgrimage is indeed impressive. This volume appeared in 1953.

Complications multiply as the monumental work draws to a close. In the fifth Volume, *vratas, utsavas* and *Kala* are considered. *Vrata* may be described as fast or a religious undertaking to do something, to avoid certain things, as a means to regulate the control over natural tendencies. *Utsava* is celebration and *Kala* considers the auspicious time for any deed. But such a consideration involves measurement of time into days, weeks, fortnights, etc., and the lunar or solar (including luni-solar) calendars. The problem of calendars is formidable in itself, because of the vast variety and usages. But to our pleasure we find MM. Kane giving a clear, definite picture, built out of bewilderingly vast material.

In the final Volume, in preparation, the various religious sects, their philosophies, achievements and contributions will be considered and the learned author, after almost completing the Himalayan task, undertaken as a labour of love, will of course give us his mature judgment on the present state of cultural progress. It will be his proud privilege to assess the contribution many leaders and moulders of public opinion have made, or even the Indian Republic has made, for that matter, by enacting many laws of social reform in the welfare state. For these reasons, the concluding volume of the *History of Dharmashastra* is bound to be the crowning piece of the entire imposing structure.

The hard work and tireless energy that made the six volumes possible cannot be imagined. People will not believe even today that MM. Kane did not have the services of a stenographer. Everything that has appeared in print was written in his own hand, with the orthodox pen-holder and nib, not even the fountain-pen that has become so common. His extensive indexes have almost all been prepared by him, the

usual mechanical services a good publishing house is supposed to provide being absent in this country. Needless to add, he is his only help in reading the proofs. The list of other books he had to consult would be indicative of the vast reading that went into the writing of this *History*.

It may not be known that MM. Kane is within his sphere of the *History of Dharmashastra,* when he settles some of the knotty points about the age or origin of the epics, *Mahabharata* or *Ramayana,* or the merits of the theory of Roman astrology having been introduced into Indian life. The problem of the Arya settlers and their "opponents" in the Gangetic plains, the Indus Valley Civilization and its connection with Sanskrit-speaking peoples — all have come in appropriately; and MM. Kane, like a lucid judge, sets forth first the many points of view advanced and then refutes them one by one and concludes with his own view backed by convincing argument. This aspect of this History has a wider appeal and in consequence it becomes a book of everyday life for everyone. It is a great contribution to the study of Indology, by a scholar of simple habits and of high intellect.

S. R. TIKEKAR

"DHARMA OR WHOLE DUTY"

LET IT NOT be understood at all, that I mean by "family duties" and "national duties," false attachments to the family or to the nation. Family duty consists not in sensuality or pleasure-hunting, but in cultivating and in elevating the emotional nature (the fourth principle), of ourselves and of our family; in being equally "kind," not only to the members of the family, but also to all creatures, and in enjoying all such pleasures of the family life as are consistent with the acquirement of "wealth" (all the means necessary for the performance of Dharma or whole duty) according to the teachings of Valluvar, and in utilizing such pleasures and means for the performance of our duty to our nation. Patriotism consists similarly in theosophizing our own nation, in not only getting ourselves rid of our national defects, as well as other members of the nation rid of the same, but also in strengthening in ourselves and in our nation as a whole, all the noble qualities which belong to our nation; in the enjoyment of the privileges* of the nation and using them as a means for the performance of *Dharma*. If family duties are taken due care of, our duties to the nation and to humanity would, to a great extent, take care of themselves unimpeded. Our national duties, if strictly performed, serve to purify our fifth lower principle of its dross and to establish and develop the better part of it, while the performance of our duty to Humanity or the *realization of universal tolerance and mercy,* purifies the lower (human) stuff in the fifth higher principle and makes it divine, thus enabling us to free ourselves gradually from the bonds of ignorance common to all human beings.

—W. Q. JUDGE

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* I use this word "privilege" in its ethical sense; privileges are to the patriot what the "pleasures" are to the family life.

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